

# Demons Unleashed

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Summary: Based on a fan fiction by Freelancer92. The world that Walter once knew changes. He and other teenagers are sucked into the future and recruited into a Spartan Squad known as Team Phoenix. Can Walter maintain his humanity as he does the impossible?

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*NOTE:** This story is based on a story written by freelancer92 titled: **\*\*\*\*I Want to be a Spartan\*\*\*\***. It chronicles the events of my character before he ends up being involved in the events of freelancer92's story. Enjoy **\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 1 \*\***

**\*\*0920 Hours, November 11, 2006(Military Calendar)\*\***

**\*\*/Bronx, New York, United States, planet Earth\*\***

**\*\*Sol system\*\***

It all happened really fast. Part of the third floor in the building known as the School for Career development was destroyed. The aftermath of the explosion were not the ruins, but the painful moaning of more 500 people residing in that building.

Among them was Walter, a 17 year old Halo fanatic that would have never imagined the fascinating world of Halo could all of a sudden become so real. This Hispanic struggled to rise, to ignore the pain within his head, muscles and bones.

Plasma bolts and needler shards were present outside the room he was in. `_`"A hiding spot with cover, which is what I need" `_`thought Walter. He shoved aside the desks blocking his way as he headed for the closet. He fell on the floor once he got inside the closet, unconscious.

Memories he had not known played in his mind: Spartan hand signals, technical information about UNSC technology, then finally, in his mind's "eyes", the strangest, yet most satisfying text appeared:

SPARTAN-IV-C288

Private

He got up. "\_So I am a Spartan now?" \_thought Walter. It was only 3 minutes since Walter was inside the closet door. His school uniform felt strangely loose. He looked down and noticed that the buttons of the uniform no longer existed. But that was not the only thing he learned.

His body felt heavier, yet stronger. He took off what remained of his shirt. He had a feeling that covenant patrols were outside. Not surprised by what he said, bodies of people were on the ground, some with plasma burns.

Many of them he has known, but staying here would cause his death as well. The covenant did a good job of killing them. Some of them seemed to have been feeling the same changes that he was feeling, but was shot before the change was complete.

He took a peak outside the classroom, and noticed that three Jackals were looking for something outside. "\_Possibly any other "Spartans" that were around"\_ How and why the covenant was here did not matter. \_I need to neutralize them, but how? \_The thought vanished as he noticed all the items that can be used as weapons.

\_I can use the chalkboard eraser to distract them and I can use the chairs to swing at them.\_

This thought faded as somebody really huge and muscular threw a chair towards the Jackals from one end of the pathway outside the door. It caught one Jackal in the back and landed on top of it. The other Jackals, unwilling to let this prey go, opened fire with their plasma pistols.

\_Now or never.\_

Walter ran out, immediately took the fallen plasma pistol, and lunged at the closets Jackal, twisting the neck of the vulture like creature.

As useful at the Shield generators were, there was no time to take it, slip it on, and figure out how it worked. The last Jackal still standing fired its plasma pistol. Walter held the corpse in between the shots to avoid getting any burns, and closed in on the creature. As the creature began to adjust its aim, the figure that threw the chair from across the other side of the hallway stood behind the creature, grabbed the arms of the creature, and struck his knee on the back of the Jackal, pulling the arms as he thrust the knee through the spine, killing the monster.

Walter looked up, and he saw a face as familiar as his own.

"Glad to see you again man." said Walter. "Yep, but I think these things look familiar to something I played before." said

David.

Walter though for a moment about Halo 2. He remember the enemy, but some part of him didn't seem to remember what happens after the Battle in New Mombassa, a missing part of his memory that bothered him now more than ever. "They are called Jackals, and they are from Halo" replied Walter in the simplest way possible.

"Well, you are the Halo freak, so I guess you should know, but how is all this possible-" "We will worry about that later, but right now, we need to stay alive if we are to solve this" interrupted Walter.

At a time like this, there was no time to wait and think about why they were there.

Walter instinctively picked up the arm of a fallen Jackal, stripped it of the Shield generator, and tests it out. He tested out the buttons, and David watched with interest as Walter tested out the machines, and then handed one over to him.

"This button activates them, but this button disables them. I have no clue how long they last, plus its bluish color can give us away if we are hiding in the shadows." "Got it" responded David. "Hey Walter, what happened to your hair?" asked David.

Walter brought his left hand up to touch his hair, and noticed that it was shorter than before, Almost as if a barber cut the hair for him. Now was no time to wonder about this mystery, so he lied. "I got a haircut that is all."

David accepted the response, unsure if Walter was lying or telling the truth. They both ran down the stairs, with plasma pistols up. As they both reached the exit doors, they both saw many bodies of Covenant and humans alike. A fire fight was taking place as four Jackals, a dozen Grunts and two Elites were firing in a direction away from the doors, leaving there backs open for an ambush.

Walter and David looked at each other, and before Walter got to give the Command, David whispered "Go."

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*NOTE:** This story is based on a story written by freelancer92 titled: **\*\*\*\*I Want to be a Spartan\*\*\*\***. It chronicles the events of my character before he ends up being involved in the events of freelancer92's story. Enjoy **\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 2\*\***

**\*\*0927 Hours, November 11, 2552(Military Calendar)\*\***

**\*\*/Bronx, New York, United States, planet Earth\*\***

**\*\*Sol system\*\***

Walter and David busted through the doors of the school. Both of them over charged their plasma pistols and fired at the Elites. Their shields dropped, and soon, the elites were down, covered with plasma

burns, thanks to the other Spartans flanking them. This made the battle easier as the Grunts scattered and were quickly killed afterwards.

The Jackal squad huddled together, with their shields covering both sides of the line of fire.

"\_This strategy would have worked, if the plasma pistols did not have the power to drain off the shields\_" thought Walter. David fired another overcharged blast, and Walter primed a captured plasma grenade, and threw it inside the opening.

It stuck the right leg of one of the Jackals, and three seconds later, a satisfying explosion followed, with raining corpses, one of those corpses missing a leg.

Walter was going to thank the other Spartans for their assistance, but they were looking past him. Walter turned, and saw a plasma blade ignite six feet away from him.

The Elite revealed itself, along with the rest of its ten men Unit. "\_Why did they reveal themselves? For honor? For joy of seeing our faces as we fear our death? Either way, it is not a good sign\_"\_thought Walter. Just as the Elites aimed their Plasma Rifles, a Pelican dropship appeared and many grenades went flying from the back of the Pelican. Four grenades detonated and Many Elites died. Those that survived the explosions were quickly mowed down by the continuous fire of the built in machine gun turret.

"Get inside!" yelled what appeared to be a UNSC Marine. Walter was about to ask what was the rush for, but quickly learned that about fifty Grunts were rushing towards them, with plasma pistols, Needlers and Fuel Rod Cannons. A squadron of Marines dropped out. "Well take care of them. There is less you can do now than later." Yelled what appeared to be a Marine Sergeant.

Walter got inside, along with David, and the rest of the Spartans.

Walter looked back, and saw that the setting has changed. Instead of the same building he came out of, it seemed like a highly advanced structure that was now in ruins. In fact, the underdeveloped streets of the Bronx were now filled with bodies instead of trash.

Walter was informed about what had occurred by a Staff Sergeant. The covenant detected a number of teenagers and children that had the attributes of Spartans, and were ordered to commit Genocide of the Spartans.

He was also informed that they had Marine Rankings to lower funding for the SPARTAN program, but that left one question unanswered. "How did we end up here?" asked Walter.

"Say what? How can you not know how you ended on this Pelican?" replied the Sergeant. "I meant, how did I end up in this time period?" Walter responded.

The Marine did not reply, he just showed a confused gesture, as if he had no clue why Walter asked that question.

David showed disappointment in his face, as well as the rest of the Spartans on the ship. "Now what Walter?" asked David.

Walter, a little surprised at the question, replied "I guess we will just play along for now. Nothing else we can do for now." "What if they caused this? How can we trust them?" David asked, in a whisper so low, only a Spartan could hear it.

Walter thought for a moment, and then responded "We might not have to. They seem like they need our help, I doubt they would try to hurt us. Earning their trust is what we should be more concerned about." David nodded, understanding what was said, and what can ensure their continued survival.

The ship landed, in some facility Walter did not know the location of. The whole borough has changed, unless the Pelican traveled elsewhere. It did not matter to him now.

"Spartans belonging to B Company, you will follow the man on my right. Spartans of C Company follow the man on the left." said the Staff Sergeant. David moved to the right side. "Wait, what is going on?" asked Walter, confused.

"I think the letter before the numbers stand for the company we are in. Why, you are not in B Company?" responded David. Walter thought back, and remembered his UNSC name: SPARTAN-IV-C288.

\_"C, so I guess I'm part of C company" \_thought Walter.

Once Walter was inside, Technicians fitted him in what they called a Semi-Powered Infiltration Armor Mark III. A technician told him "It has the adaptive camouflage of the previous series, ARAC armor lined with tantalum hafnium carbide and titanium-A and fullerene mesh to provide thermal shielding and to take a few hits without actually injuring the user, and is defective faraday shielded to provide electromagnetic and thermal cover. In addition, this armor was also fitted with hydrostatic gel usually provided to the MJOLNIR armor, to keep the body from getting hot or cold, but it cannot be pressurized like the MJOLNIR suits."

What Walter understood was that the armor had camouflage technology, it was much stronger than the previous models, making it immune to plasma weapons. It keeps his body temperature at a secure and comfortable temperature, and it provided protection from detection gears the enemy would use.

Fifteen minutes later, Walter was in a large room that had some Spartans fitted with MJOLNIR and SPI Armor. It was filled with UNSC Weapons, on the walls and on tables; some were standard issued, some were not. Assault Rifles, Sub-machine guns, Sniper Rifles, Rocket Launchers, almost everything Walter needed was here.

Walter brought up his orders his orders from his commanding officer, which came two minutes after his armor was put together. \_"My Commanding Officer requires that I take at least one silenced weapon, and some fragmented grenades, along with flash-bang grenades too. I won't disappoint him." \_thought Walter.

Walter took an MA5C Assault Rifle, looked at it, and started to modify the components inside. \_"I'm glad that new memory helped out"

\_thought Walter as he continued. When he was finished, he mounted a silencer on the rifle and took nine clips of ammunition. In addition, he took an M7 Sub Machine Gun, equipped it with a silencer, and put it in his holster.

\_"Nothing fancy, I don't plan to snipe or get in close range anyways"\_thought Walter. He also took two frag grenades, two flash-bang grenades, just as he was ordered, and a combat knife.

He made his way to the pelican docking bay, and found the pelican in which his team was to ride in. Inside were his teammates, along with his commanding officer. He enters the Pelican, and with a respectful salute, he shouted "Spartan-IV-C288 reporting for duty sir."

This Spartan had the ranking of a First Lieutenant, an officer in the Marine Corps. The large being looked at him and responded "You may call me Achilles. Welcome to Team Phoenix, Spartan."

**\*\*SPI Mark III belongs to Havoc-Legionnaire, the Specifics are from his ideas.\*\***

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*NOTE: This story is based on a story written by freelancer92 titled: I Want to be a Spartan. It chronicles the events of my character before he ends up being involved in the events of freelancer92's story. Enjoy \*\***

**\*\*Chapter 3\*\***

**\*\*1045 Hours, November 11, 2552(Military Calendar)\*\***

**\*\*/Central African Republic, planet Earth\*\***

**\*\*Sol system\*\***

The wind blew on the side of Walter's helmet as he accelerated his Mongoose All-Terrain Vehicle. He and the rest of his squad were dropped off four miles away so that they can get into the camp set up by the Covenant in this area. Risking an air drop or landing a dropship in enemy territory would have been a foolish thing to do if a squad is using SPI armor, and walking on foot would take a long time.

Their first objective was to soften up any hostiles in possession of the designated area. A Marine fire squad is expected to come to their aid and secure the area. Basically, the Spartans will do what they are best: take the initiative and cause chaos among the enemy.

"Lets try to not to be greedy. I think the marines may want some action too" said Walter. Achilles replied "But if the invitation is available, it would be damn impolite not to accept the chance to kill them all." They all chuckled, and quickly refocused on the mission at hand.

Walter knew everybody in his squad, except for Achilles. He remembers meeting Josh in the Bungie forums when Josh announced his machinima series there. Through Josh, he met Michael Thomas, along with Kat and Tamara.

Walter was aware of his teammate's strengths and determination. They will not fail.

The all the vehicles came to a stop. "We are about one mile away from the camp site. We should get there on foot from now. Go COM silent." ordered Achilles. They all obeyed, and activated their active Camouflage.

The houses here were abandoned. \_"Since this is a different time period, then I guess this area is not as advanced as the rest of the world, but it is more advanced than my time period\_." thought Walter. Many houses were burnt or demolished.

When they got there, many plasma turrets were set up. Each turret was accompanied by a pair of Grunts; most of them were asleep. None seemed like they were alert to the presence of the Spartans at all.

However, Brutes and Jackals occupied the camp as well, so stealth won't be as easy, and might not even help if they were going to do this operation as quickly as possible.

With quick, swift motions with his hands, Achilles gave them all their orders. Josh and Kat were to get rid of the Jackal Snipers and Grunts with their Sniper Rifles, everybody else had to engage the Brutes without exposing themselves too much.

Josh fired the first shot. A Jackal spun around, and before it collapsed, his comrades were killed, missing their brains.

Everybody opened fire. Brutes started to get on rooftops to gain higher grounds and fired their weapons at the snipers. Unable to get clear shots or to avoid getting hurt, Josh and Kat retreated, found other spots to snipe and resumed sniping again.

Walter went inside the building, hoping to find a way to get to the roof top. He entered through a door and found two Brutes, one wielding an M90 Close Assault Shotgun.

With no time to think, Walter reacted. He used his left hand to move and grab the gun away from his direction and with his right hand, inserts the barrel of his assault rifle into the left eye of the brute, and fires.

Without bothering to make sure he finished him off, he ducked to avoid any possible haymaker strike that would be impossible to block effectively. He rises up, strikes the brute from behind, backs off and uses the captured shotgun to kill the brute.

He hears gun fire from behind, and sees that a brute was standing behind him. His head was almost missing, except for the skull and the skin still left from all those armor piercing rounds delivered to him by Michael.

"Thanks" said Walter. They headed upstairs.

They have the higher ground now.

Achilles had the same idea and was standing on the rooftops opposite

to them, with Tamara. Kat and Josh had killed off all of the Brutes that were foolish enough to remain on the rooftops. Achilles points to other buildings and Walter notices that the Brutes were retreating indoors.

Before Achilles used his SQUADCOM, the marines arrived to provide the real attack, or they would have if Team Phoenix did not wipe almost all of them out.

"They are inside these buildings" said Achilles. He uploaded the location to the Heads-Up Display of each marine. They understood, and went on to each building.

They threw flash-bang grenades, followed by many fragmentation grenades inside each opening they found.

Walter could not find out how anybody can live through all those explosions. They entered and finished off whatever Brute remained alive. Some Brutes retreated into the rooftops, but were quickly killed off by the Spartans.

Minutes later, Walter's COM crackled "First Lieutenant, I think you need to see this."

After hearing this and seeing his commanding officer go into a building, Walter was certain he was not going back to the base any time soon.

**\*\*SPI Mark III Armor belongs to Havok-Legionare\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\*\*NOTE: Sorry this took long, but here it is. Based on a work by freelancer92.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 4\*\***

**\*\*Eleventh Cycle, 114 Units (Covenant Battle Calendar)\\*\***

**\*\*Aboard Covenant Dropship, near Central African Republic\*\***

"Sir, the Jiralhanae Cruiser is nearby." Said the pilot. "Excellent work." Said the leader of the Operation, Special Operation Officer Erbr' Rawotee.

He continued: "Warriors remember our objective: rescue the councilors, and destroy this Jiralhanae stronghold for the glory of the New Covenant!"

His underlings roared with approval. "\_Was this mission given to me to keep me out of politics? So be it, my voice will be heard one way or another." \_Thought Rawotee.

He checked himself to make sure he still has his weapons: three plasma grenades, one Plasma Blade, and a Carbine. He took slammed a fresh magazine into his weapon.

"\_One way or another, you will all regret ever deceiving us."  
\_Thought Rawotee.



\* \* \*

>Marines and one-fourth of the C Company Spartans were traveling in Vehicles with the C Company Phoenix Infiltration Squad, also known as Team Phoenix.<p><p>

Walter checked his orders again: With assistance from the Griffin Assault Team and the Marines under their command, Team Phoenix must infiltrate the starship, and disable it. The UNSC ships in space are too busy fighting the functioning covenant ships.

The weapons stored inside the buildings occupied by the Brutes worried Command. "So, the Brutes are taking an interest in using our technology against us? Why are they interested now?" Asked a marine under the command of the Team Griffin.

Walter read the novels and remembers information about the Brutes from the Internet and the games. He responded "The Brutes do not believe that it is dishonorable to use enemy weapons, unlike the other members of the Covenant. If it works, they use it."

Achilles took notice of what Walter said. "How much of this war do you know?" He asked.

"\_I better not tell more than what is needed, the last thing I need for the UNSC and ONI to know is that I am aware of the classified information revealed in the Halo novels. Maybe I should have kept my mouth shut." \_Thought Walter.

After thinking of a response for four additional seconds, he replied "I know enough to become reliable."

Achilles replied "As long as you do not break down over a life spent, then you are reliable."

Walter was reminded of the people that died in the Bronx. "\_I will break down, somewhere out of sight when my mission is done." \_He thought to himself. "\_For the lives of those people that died. The last thing I wish to be is a weapon of a government I do not understand. I do not want to be a weapon; I will remain human, no matter what I am told to do." \_

Walter saw two red lasers point towards a group of Covenant vehicles far from his location. Three seconds later, many vehicles were destroyed.

Several Spartans from Team Griffin, sitting at the passenger seat of their warthogs had a Rocket Launcher in their hands, fewer than four Spartans held a Model 6 Grindell/Galileian Nonlinear Rifle, which was known as the "Spartan Laser."

The assault on the stronghold has begun. Walter maneuvered his Mongoose ATV a bit behind the Griffin Team. He had orders to avoid engagements unless it was a threat to his team.

Walter yelled "Drones, up ahead!" When he spotted a swarm of the insect-like alien flew towards the direction of his team.

"If you are riding brokeback, now is the best time to take out your

side arms." Ordered Achilles.

They obeyed and took it out. Some had an M6 pistol; some had an Sub Machine gun with a mounted silencer.

Walter has never seen such a large swarm.

Some of the Griffin Spartans fired their missile launchers at the swarm, but the swarm was clever enough keep moving and not get bunched up.

Before Walter realized what was about to happen, three drones boarded his ATV and two smacking Walter, trying to knock him out of the vehicle.

Walter cursed in frustration as he tried not to lose control of the vehicle.

Suddenly, the Drones fell off. "\_What?" \_Thought Walter, but later realized that the person riding brokeback on the same vehicle shot them.

The Drones surrounded the Spartan army, but were quickly killed off by the machine gun turrets on the back of some warthogs, Sub Machine Guns and pistols.

Walter did not bother looking back, because he knew that the bigger threats were on his sights:

Wraiths and Banshees.

Team Griffin quickly destroyed them, after having some casualties thanks to the Plasma Mortars.

Walter's COM crackled "I'm out." "Me too" replied another voice. Their ammunition was very low and the non-removable battery for the Spartan Laser needed to be recharged for the weapon to become effective again.

Over one section of the former Republic, the Battlecruiser hovered over the buildings, with a beam similar to the one found descending from the Truth and Reconciliation.

Covenant Turrets and Jackal Snipers pointed towards the Spartan's direction.

Walter exited his vehicle. They will have to fight their way inside, and Walter was waiting for the order: to sneak in, or to help Griffin secure the area first.

"\_I would rather sneak in." \_thought Walter

"Phoenix, join the carnage. Activate your camouflage and destroy them inside out" Ordered Achilles.

"\_I guess we won't be sneaking in." \_thought Walter.

-1\*\*NOTES: It's been a while, but life and schoolwork got in the way. I'm a high school senior, so I've got things to take care off before continuing a fan fiction. Anyways, enjoy. \*\*

\*\*Based on a work by freelancer92\*\*

\*\*Chapter 5\*\*

\*\*1208 Hours, November 11, 2552(Military Calendar)\*\*

\*\*Near Central African Republic, planet Earth\*\*

A Lotus Anti-tank mine flew in the air and landed in the middle of the enemy forces. Once the device exploded, many bodies flew into the air. The survivors of the explosion were killed before they could recover.

The Gravity lift was still active. "All right Blue Griffin and Phoenix Team, go on inside. We will remain out here and make sure no hostiles get inside." Said Griffin Team Leader.

Acknowledgement lights winked as Team Phoenix and Blue Griffin entered the Grav lift and boarded the alien ship.

Once inside, gunfire was the first thing they all heard. From the four doors that surrounded the room, Covenant troops entered from all sides. Walter and his team activated their Jackal shields as the aliens fired their Spikers, Carbines, Plasma Pistols and Brute Shot.

Walter fired at the covenant troops at knee height, then climbed over the weapon crates, not bothering to look at the damage he caused.

He spotted a couple of Jackals and Grunts behind the crate.

Without wasting another second, Walter kicked the nearest Jackal with a tremendous amount of strength.

He turned his Rifle and fired at the remainder of the hostiles near him, who were too stunned to fire their weapons.

Kat emerged behind the Jackals. She fired her M6 pistol at the exposed necks of the vulture-like aliens.

"I need to reload." Kat said. Walter understood: She ran out of Sniper ammo during the firefight, and needed covering fire.

Walter popped his head up, and fired his Assault Rifle.

Brutes started to head toward his direction, almost all holding a spike grenade at hand.

Just as Walter was about to move, Kat got up and fired.

Three Brutes lost their eyes and lives. The other Brutes were getting shot in their backs. A plasma blade ignited moments before the head of the last Brute flew off its shoulders.

Soon afterwards, Tamara emerged with an Energy Sword in her hand.

Once the battle was over, Walter took out an ONI datapad, laid it on the control panel nearby and booted the ONI hacking program. Within time, the security systems would be destroyed, allowing them access to the ship's control functions.

"Allow me to locate the engine room." Said Achilles. After some button pressing, Achilles uploaded the images on the console to his teammates.

"All right, let's move on" ordered Achilles. "We will buy you guys some time, meet up in the hangar bay." Said Blue Griffin Leader.

Team Phoenix went in one direction, and Team Griffin headed in another.

For reasons unknown, Walter felt like he had fun killing the Covenant, but at the same time, felt guilty for thinking that way.

Walter stored his guilt away. He thought to himself \_"If I'm having fun butchering aliens and this is the reason I'm still alive, then I'll let this evil side of me take over for now."\_

\* \* \*

>Jiralhanae Captain Nartumas went over to his Scout. "Demons control the Grav lift sir." Reported the Kig-Yar.<p><p>

\_"Demons? I hope these prove themselves to be much more efficient in combat than the previous\_." Thought Nartumas.

"Check your gears, we'll engage in combat shortly" ordered Nartumas.

All the Unggoys, Kig-Yars and Jiralhanae under his command checked their Fuel Rod Guns, Carbines, and even their captured human weapons.

Nartumas has always told his troops to use human weapons the same way they would use poison.

After he inspected his own weapon, he called his troops into formation; they were engaging the enemy.

The Kig-Yar was the first to engage in combat, as one lost an eye. Other Kig-Yar fired, taking out two demons before they died.

The Captain got on his Ghost, and along with some of his soldiers, went forth to try to flank the humans.

However, the most of the humans chose to come forth as some got on their vehicles and left their defense post.

He fired his Ghost at the humans, focusing on the Spartans first, leaving the marines for the rest of his soldiers.

Five Spartans went down with the combined power of his Ghost and those of his troops.

He noticed that one Spartan was aiming at his ghost with a Rocket launcher. He speeds up his Ghost, and then jumped out a second before the Rocket made impact.

He quickly brought out his Carbine and fired at the humans.

He fired few shots before sprinting to find cover. He went behind a damaged warthog, reloaded his Carbine and then went out, killing off the Spartans weakened by his troops.

One Spartan was getting near him, with a shotgun at hand. Nartumas quickly backed off and fired the rest of his Carbine, but the Spartan was still coming.

Nartumas threw the rifle at him. Surprised by the action of the Brute, the Spartan never saw what killed him: a diagonal slice from the Captain's plasma blade.

The remaining Spartans took a last stand as they entered the Grav lift, firing as they were going up into the ship.

"Its time to dine" said Nartumas. With the speed the Spartans were going up the lift, they were already dead and ripe for the taking.

The Jiralhanae Captain mounted the turret of a Gauss Warthog nearby, and fired.

He managed to take two of them out, and would have killed out two more had it not been for his unit.

He got off the Gauss cannon and activated a channel in the Covenant Battlenet.

"Chieftain, Demons have boarded your vessel. Permission to them hunt down" said Captain Nartumas over the Battlenet.

"Permission granted, now get inside, and hurry!" Replied the Chieftain.

Nartumas couldn't help smiling. \_"Time the moment to prove myself worthy."\_

**\*\*SPI Mark III belongs to HavokLegionare.\*\***

## 6. Chapter 6

**\*\*Based on a work by freelancer92. SPI Mark III Armor originally designed by HavocLegionnaire.\*\***

**\*\*Chapter 6\*\***

**\*\*1316 Hours, November 11, 2552(Military Calendar)\*\***

**\*\*Inside damaged covenant Battlecruiser, Central African Republic, Earth\*\***

"\_What happened?" \_Those were the first words Walter muttered as he

lifted himself up. He realized his hands were behind him.

"What?" he muttered again, as soon as he discovered that he was inside a small purple room, with an energy shield door blocking his only escape.

An unknown voice responded "you're a prisoner, just like the rest of us." Walter looked beyond the shield door and spotted an Elite, trapped inside a prison just like he was.

The white armor and large headdress assured Walter that this was an Elite councilor.

"Why keep prisoners? I thought you guys didn't take prisoners." He calmly stated.

"Only if it was important! You're lucky to even still be alive!"

Walter thought back on what happened to him and his friends.

Covenant forces ambushed them. He and Achilles were separated from the rest of his squad.

"\_I was knocked out cold." \_

He remembers being hit by a Brute. \_"If only the Spikes from that gun were plasma weapons." \_

During the battle, he was so preoccupied with not getting hurt by Spike Rifles that he never anticipated a melee from a Brute nearby.

Pain struck him on the forehead. He dismissed it, and tried to focus on a way to escape.

"Are you willing to help me get out?" Walter asked the elite.

The elite looked at the Spartan warrior and replied "what's in it for me?"

Walter responded "Revenge, and mass slaughter. A deal that does not put you up against two enemies at once."

"How can I trust you?"

"You already know you can't trust the Brutes. \_Who else\_ can you trust? Also, our species have traded blood for blood, while the Brutes betrayed you all for nothing except your blind devotion to your gods. I'm asking you to become my ally, despite our troubles in the past, even though it was your fault."

Walter knew those words stung, and he also knew he provided the answers to all the questions the Elite might have raised.

The alien thought for a moment, and then asked: "Well then, by what title shall I call you human?"

"Call me Private Walter. Now state yours."

"Councilor Jevosee Nar Anatomee."

The truce was made. These elites inside the adjacent room were his allies for the moment.

"\_I'll stay vigilant, but as long as he believes he needs me alive, then I'll be okay with him around." \_Walter told himself.

He all of a sudden heard something; it was coming from the SQUADCOM.

"Walter, Achilles, do you copy?" That was Josh's voice. As although using the COM was risky at this moment, their presence was already known to the rest of the forces in the area, except their exact location.

"This is Walter. I'm fine, but now I'm a prisoner aboard this ship. I have reasons to believe they are creating another trap and I'm the bait."

"I see. Well, if springing the trap is the only way to get you out, then we'll do that." Tamara's voice came over the COM.

"Okay, but I'll try to find a way out on my own. Also, I believe I found us some allies: Elites."

The COM went silent. They were willing to scrub the mission to make sure he survived. Well, Walter was fine with that; he didn't believe this one mission was worth his whole lifetime. What good would he do for the UNSC if he were dead?

\* \* \*

>Eight minutes ago, in the past, Nartumas and his unit set up a trap for the Demon Infiltration Unit. From the information the Brute Captain was aware off, there was a group of Demons in camouflage killing everything on site, with the unknown help of a group of Special Operation Elites.<p><p>

To the Captain, the concealed Demons are the biggest threats. \_"Why aren't they contributing to the carnage as much?"\_

The Jiralhanae leader and his forces were tasked to defend engineering. Any destruction of that room was unacceptable.

Unggoys set up plasma turrets around the huge room: three purple platforms occupied the massive room, one over the other created three floors in one room.

Plasma turrets were set on the first two platforms, and two were set on the primary floor, safeguarding the entrance to engineering.

A door opened, but it seemed as if nothing came through, but Nartumas understood what was going on: the human raiders entered the room.

One of the figures fired its weapon, which according to the knowledge of the Covenant, was a Battle Rifle. The three shot burst penetrated the skull of one of the Unggoys.

As the rest of the Unggoys turned to fire in the general direction the shot came from. The hidden humans returned fire.

Grenades started flying in the air and explosions followed.

The Captain's forces cheered, thinking that they won, but Nartumas saw different. When the smoke cloud cleared out, a Bubble-like substance made up of many hexagons was present instead of the demons.

"Unggoy, deploy the gravity lift in front of the entrance!" He shouted. The small simian creature obeyed and deployed his Portable gravity lift.

Thoughts went through the Jiralhanae's head. \_"If they want to get through, they'll have to alert us of their presence. Going through the gravity lift will only immobilize them, but it'll be more than enough time for my troops to kill them" \_

He took this time to scan the room for any abnormalities: Camouflage technology has only been able to hide the user in the environment, but it was never successful at concealing the user perfectly.

No luck came to him, until a plasma grenade was ignited and thrown. The grenade was meant to stick to Nartumas.

Without another second's thought, he took out his Spike Rifle and tossed it upward.

The weapon intercepted the path of the plasma grenade, and fell to the floor, with the grenade stuck to it.

The captain jumped and rolled out of the way, escaping the death that nearly took hold of him. He stood up, and joined in the battle that was taking place.

The humans were no longer concealed in their camouflage, but they were putting up a really good fight, a fight Nartumas was hoping for, considering their reputation for being the best of the humans.

With their arm shields activated, the Spartans rushed to the entrance, which the gravity lift no longer protected.

Unwilling to let his enemies escape; he hurled a Spike grenade towards the entrance. The grenade stuck a wall, and halted the run of two demons, which feared getting hurt by the spikes. The rest of them got through before the grenade was stuck to the wall.

They fired their Assault Rifles at his brothers.  
"Unacceptable!"

After ripping off the plasma turret from a stand nearby, Nartumas fired at the remaining two Spartans. The shields of one Spartan turned red, and then disappeared. Nartumas continued firing, until one of his comrades got closed in to the Spartan, grabbed its head, and slammed it to the ground, following it up by a low kick.

That only left one Spartan left. The last one tried to fire his weapon, but was only rewarded with a clank that produced no



bullets.

Jiralhanae and Kig-Yar troops surround him, he already lost.

The Spartan dropped his rifle and brandished a bright Plasma Blade. One by one, Nartumas's men stood against the human, hoping to bring honor to their tribe by beating the human in a fair fight.

\_"There is no such thing as a fair fight!"\_ Thought Nartumas. After the third Jiralhanae was slain, Nartumas stood against the demon himself.

He told his forces "Two of you stay with me, the rest of you, go after the other humans!"

They obeyed, and Nartumas soon saw with two blades in front him: his Blade blocked the strike from his opponent's sword.

The human brought his blade back and tried to strike again. The Captain was not easy to defeat, especially in a close range fight.

Trying a different tactic, the human brought his shield forward; attempting to smash Nartumas with it to later use his blade while Nartumas was distracted. Instead of allowing that to happen, the brute leader grabbed the edge of the Jackle shield with his left hand, and pulled it downwards.

The Spartan was unprotected, and with his back turned, the blade on his right hand was useless. The Jiralhanae fired their super-heated spikes at the exposed back of the demon. Nartumas brought his Plasma sword down, slicing the back of the human, leaving a large gaping wound.

The demon was dead. A victory, but it would be meaningless if engineering is destroyed.

One of Nartumas's soldiers said: "Sir, this demon is still alive."

He looked at the human, and then an idea came to his head: \_"If he is still alive, the demons will be tempted to come and rescue him."

—

"Don't kill him! Lock him up with the other prisoners. He's our bait."

The two Jiralhanae standing before their leader lost two seconds in their thoughts.

Satisfied with their leader's way of thinking, they replied "Understood."

\* \* \*

>In the present time, the Energy Shield that prevents Walter from exiting his prison vanished, and then, two armed Brute warriors entered his cell.<p><p>

One held a shotgun close to the Spartan's chest. The other pointed

his Spiker.

"Demon, tell us how many of you are in this base! Also, reveal to us their location!"

"Once I give you information, what good will that do? I already know you're going to kill me if I tell you now. Besides, you already made your mistake." \_

Walter used his left hand, and pushed the shotgun away from his torso, towards the second brute. The brute wielding the shotgun reacted by firing his weapon, killing his comrade in the process.

The threat was still not over though. As soon as Walter pushed the shotgun away, he grabbed the beast by the wrist, turned and struck the brute's elbow with his right elbow.

The attack was not strong enough to break the brute's arm, but it hurt the monster enough that it dropped its shotgun.

Walter swept the brute's right leg with his own right leg, making the alien lose his balance.

He took this opportunity to grab the fallen shotgun. The human pumped it once and fired.

The gorilla-like being fell to the ground, dead.

Walter slung his shotgun on his back and picked up the fallen Spike Rifle.

He ran out to the hall, only to be surrounded by a handful of Jackals and Grunts.

The Spartan sprinted towards the nearest Jackal, grabbed its shield and spun the creature around. He hit its head and snapped the neck with his hands.

The room was filled with green plasma bolts.

Activating his camouflage, Walter went for the next Jackal, and sliced the alien with the blades on his Spiker.

A Grunt rushed to the control panel in the room, and activated it. All the shield doors vanished, allowing the Elite councilors to leave their cells and join the battle. In addition, all other Grunts aimed their weapons and fired at their former allies, the Jackals.

"Good thing this armor is immune to plasma weapons." \_Thought Walter, as he holstered his Spike Rifle and unslung his shotgun.

He fired an 8-gauge blast at another Jackal. Walter wondered if the blood on his armor would be visible to his enemies.

"Human lets go!" Yelled Elite Councilor Jevosee.

A grunt said "We be happy to help good Sangheili. Jiralhanae bad."

\_"You're only doing this cause you feared me you cowardly fucks!"  
\_Thought Walter. He was filled with rage at how these Grunts tried to prove their innocence. Had he not escaped, they probably wouldn't have freed their Elite counterparts.

\_"Well at least they fear their Elite superiors and me enough to side with us" \_he told himself.

The Walter got out of the prison room only to find himself and his new allies surrounded by Brutes on all three pathways in the purple colored hallway.

"Its over demon, you should have stayed in your -" he got cut off once a bright purple beam penetrated his skull.

A plasma grenade landed in the middle of one group of Brutes on Walter's right side and detonated. Bodies flew in the air, which was later followed by plasma fire, and the sounds of Energy Swords activating.

The Brutes returned fire, but were unsuccessful in killing the Elite in front of his comrade, wielding a Plasma Blade. He had a personal arm shield activated. Unlike the Jackal arm shields, this one was much more transparent, and had the shape of a diamond.

The elite warrior lunged at the nearest brute, and cut off its left leg. The Brute fell to the ground.

Then, the Elite swung the blade to his left, and leaving the closest Brute headless.

"I got a score to settle with them." said Walter.

"We are entering the battle! Make room!" ordered Jevosee.

\_"He said "we." I'm assuming I'm counted as well." \_It was dangerous to rely on his new "allies," but Walter no longer felt that fear existed inside him. All Walter could think about was the horrors these brutal beasts have done. Rage and the thirst for revenge took over him. They would have to pay for that.

"I fear no evil cause I am the baddest son of a bitch you'll ever meet!" Walter yelled at the top of his lungs, as he thrust his shotgun onto a Brute's forehead, and blew it off. His feelings were now words; he had no need for his human intellect right now.

Within Sixty seconds, all the hostile aliens were dead.

"Rawotee, how nice to see you again" said Jevosee

"Who is this?" Replied Rawotee.

"This human has agreed to form a temporary alliance with us, seeing as he is in need of our help."

"Thank you human, you have made my job a lot easier."

Walter was unsure of what the thanks were for. \_"Was it for saving them, or forming an alliance?"\_

"Are you willing to assist me in blowing up this ship?" He asked, pushing his thoughts aside.

The mandibles of the Elite warrior named Rawotee formed into what looked like a smile.

He replied "I see that our goals do not conflict. Time to finish this mission!"

\*\*A/N: Did you notice anything different about this Walter than the one in the previous chapters? \*\*

\*\*I made up for lost time, didn't I? I'm hoping to finish this story arc soon, cause I'm ready to move on to another location, another segment in this story. I won't be updating this fan fiction when I'm not in the right mood, otherwise, poor writing is the result you'll see, which is not what I want to do, and Chapter 5 is the perfect example of that. \*\*

\*\*For the future, I'm taking into account the changes made to the Halo Universe in Halo 3, based on the Halo 3 Beta. \*\*

\*\*Anyways, till next time.\*\*

## 7. Chapter 7

\*\*Based on a Work by freelancer92. SPI Mark III Armor belongs to freelancer92, Havoc-Legionnaire and the Weapon Consortium. \*\*

\* \* \*

><strong>Chapter 7<strong>

\*\*1458 Hours, November 11, 2552(Military Calendar)\*\*

\*\*Inside damaged covenant Battlecruiser, Central African Republic, Earth\*\*

"Explosives are set, find us a way out of here" Jason's COM crackled. It was not the voice of Achilles, but it was definitely from Phoenix Squad. Jason's team, Blue Griffin, the remaining faction of Griffin Squad, has been tasked to cause mayhem in the covenant headquarters in the Central African Republic so that Phoenix Squad could slip inside, and set explosives in the engineering room to blow it up.

His current squad leader, Corporal Randall said: "Jason, you pick the direction. We need to find the bay room."

"Affirmative" he replied, as he blasted the Brute behind him with an M90 Close Assault Shotgun. He pointed at one door. They all followed, with him in the front.

"So you really know where we are going?" One Spartan from his team asked.

"Yes. Just follow the bodies." They all chuckled a bit.

They arrived on the second tier, where they gained access to the drop

ships. The hangar was a huge room, with three floors: the main floor held several doors leading to various parts of the ship, the second and third floor was a narrow strip of alloy, with doors at the beginning and end. It also did not have any walls that prevented anybody from firing from that location.

Someone asked: "You guys up there?" It was definitely not a Spartan from Griffin Squad.

Jason leaned over the edge of the second floor, and spotted Spartans in SPI armor, along with a group of Elites.

\* \* \*

>"Don't shoot them! They are on our side now. Long story short, they want revenge on the covenant. Also, I have to confirm that Achilles is dead." <p><em>"If these Spartans are as smart or resourceful as I am, then they will understand the situation"<em> Walter thought.

"I think we understand the situation. We'll wait for you here, find a way -"

All doors leading to the room in the main floor opened, and covenant soldiers started pouring in. Walter aimed his Carbine and started firing. The rest of Phoenix squad, and the ex-covenant forces assisted him.

The covenant forces charged forward, firing their Carbines, Plasma Pistols and Spike Rifles.

There was no point in activating camouflage because all the covenant soldiers knew they were there.

Two brutes went down from the combined firepower of Walter's Carbine and Josh's Battle Rifle.

Kat killed three Jackals with her Sniper Rifle, but they kept coming, stepping over their fallen comrades.

A red dot appeared on one brute within the covenant forces. In three short seconds, the dot was replaced by a blood red laser. Once it connected with the brute, it reappeared as four blood-red beams, the exploded upon impact, killing the Brute and two Jackals. A Spartan from Team Griffin fired a Galilean Spartan Laser, and moved the weapon as soon as it fired; spreading the devastating laser shots.

Walter noticed one Brute headed towards his direction, with a shotgun at hand. It pumped a shell into the chamber and fired. Walter brought his Jackals Shield in front of him before the bullets made impact with his armor.

He dropped his Carbine, unholstered his Spike Rifle and shot the Brute in the unprotected section of his knee. The beast roared, and attempted to fire a second time, but was too slow.

The Spartan slammed his shield into the shotgun as he holstered his Spiker. He un-slung his shotgun from his back with his right hand, and fired.

Blood splattered in front of his arm shield, and he deactivated it.

"\_Can I really do this?" \_His idea was one that has not been attempted by anybody, except a comic book character called The Punisher.

Walter now had two shotguns at his disposal, one on each hand. He fired one 8-gauge blast at the closest brute. He tossed the same shotgun up, caught it in the pump handle, and pumped it before tossing it up and catching it again.

As a Spartan, the perfect weapon the UNSC has to offer, doing this should be a simple feat. He took notice that the shotgun seemed to move slowly when he tossed it up. \_"Spartan Time I guess." \_According to the Halo novels he has read, Spartan Time was a moment in which things seem to happen in slow motion; due to the increased neural reaction time a UNSC Spartan had.

Another shot blasted the head off the shoulders of a Jackal soldier. Without pumping his off-hand shotgun, he fired at another Brute with the shotgun on his right hand.

Another brute came, but Walter didn't have his shotguns ready to fire. Without another second to spare, Walter thrust one shotgun on to the Brute's torso. The large alien didn't anticipate the move, and grabbed the shotgun, with his hands on the pump handle.

\_"Stupid."\_

Walter brought his shotgun back and forward quickly, pumping the gun, and then he fired. Organs flew off from the back of the Brute soldier.

Two more Brutes warriors charged forward. With no more ammo in the guns, Walter threw his shotguns at them, with the hopes of slowing them down. Suddenly, in front of the Spartan, an Elite in Jet blue armor charged forward, with a plasma sword in each hand.

It was the Elite SpecOps officer, Erbr Rawotee. He slashed the weapons the brutes were carrying in half with the blade on his left hand.

Whether the Brutes were stunned or not, no one would ever find out, due to the fact that in less than a second, the gorilla-like beasts were slain.

Walter spotted a strange purple machine on the ground.

\_"Looks like the same device that brute used earlier. It's a grav lift!" \_Walter thought. The grav lift was a short term used for gravity lift a device that propels a user upward, something the covenant would rather use than stairs.

The warrior ran, and squatted down to the floor to pick up the alien device. "Duck" someone yelled.

Walter obeyed, and later saw an energy sword swing over his head, slicing a Brute that stood near Walter.

"Deploy it. We can get to the second floor a lot faster that way" said the Elite Councilor, Jevosee.

"What do you think I was trying to do?" \_Walter sprinted, and kept running towards the location closest to Team Griffin, where he could deploy the gravity lift and get to the second floor.

He got there and immediately deployed the lift.

The purple device opened and emitted a blue light, followed by a gust of wind blowing towards the ceiling. Walter jumped over the device and was propelled upward. His feet touched the floor on the second tier.

An enemy Brute aimed a Rocket Launcher and fired at the device.

"\_Crap!" \_

A Spartan from Team Griffin tossed a bubble shield, and then a round layer of transparent pentagons blocked the incoming rocket from destroying the lift.

The Brute did not have a chance to fire a second rocket, because soon afterward, thirty Assault Rifle rounds penetrated its armor, body and flesh.

\* \* \*

>The humans were escaping, an unacceptable move. So far, attempts from the Huragok to disarm the explosives in engineering have proven futile, as the humans placed proximity mines they refer to as "Trip Mines" in almost every entrance. <p>Almost all of them were on board a U-shaped Spirit dropship. <em>"No! They're escaping"<em> Nartumas thought.

He ordered one of his troops to drop a lift. The purple device activated, and Nartumas was the first to use it.

He made it up, and then, a barrage of plasma bolts was headed to his direction. He slung his Carbine over his shoulder, and with all four limbs, made his way up to the Unggoy firing the plasma turret. He reached it, grabbed the small, frightened creature by its legs and proceeded to rip the creature apart in half by separating its legs.

Lucky for the simian-like alien, it never got to experience the painful death. A green, radioactive shot caught the unggoy in between its eyes.

Nartumas looked up, and spotted a Sangheili in jet blue armor.

"I wonder what the humans have offered you for your assistance."

"It's something I call REVENGE" spat Rawotee.

He hurled a fragmented grenade towards Nartumas. The Jiralhanae Captain smacked the grenade away from him with his own Carbine. It

landed on the main floor and exploded.

The dropship lifted and started to fly away. Rawotee was nowhere in sight.

"Get to the Banshees! Pursue the dropship" Nartumas ordered his men.

\* \* \*

>It was a relief to Walter that part of the battle was over. Two elites piloted the aircraft. Three of the last four members of Team Griffin controlled the gun turrets.<p><p>

Jason, a Spartan from Team Griffin yelled "Incoming Banshees!"

After two seconds, an elite said "Now human!"

Walter took out the detonators, and activated the explosives. Whether the whole ship exploded, or just the engineering room, Walter could not tell, all he was aware of was that the Covenant forces would need to find a new place to camp out at.

\_"Would I be safer if I decided not to be part of this war?"\_

He reflected back on his actions in the previous battle.

\_"If it were just I against one brute, would I have given him a painful death, or a quick death?"\_

Walter was unsure of what to think anymore. Part of him longed for him to make the Brutes suffer for just being... Blind. These creatures blindly follow their superior race, the Prophets, for their sense of honor and for their So-called Great Journey. They are blind in the sense that they believe that what they are doing is right, and that humanity has to suffer for their cause.

Another part of him resented that, and just wished for the brutes to die as painlessly as possible. They were lost children, didn't know any better. The best cure Walter could think of giving them was death.

\_"I was actually having fun back there!" \_He told himself. The joy of holding two shotguns, the joy of shooting a Brute in the knee, all those moments he killed, he reflected back on it, and enjoyed it.

\_"No, you will not enjoy killing. Walter this is only for self-defense, not for fun!" \_

Yet, Walter still felt happy of all the killing.

"Banshees neutralized" one of the Spartans said. "So Walter, how did Achilles die?" Josh asked. Walter stopped, he forgot about Achilles death. He replied "I was knocked out cold before he died."

"So you didn't exactly see him die, did you?"

"If the Jiralhanae spared Private Walter, then that means they had no use for the other. They must have disposed of him" Councilor



Jevosee.

Whether he died or not, Walter no longer cared. There was no way Achilles could have survived the explosion.

\_"I should have died with you, yet I'm still alive"\_ he thought, as though he was speaking with Achilles.

The Spartan scanned the room, and then he noticed only three members in his squad: Josh, Michael and Tamara.

How could he have overlooked this? One of his teammates died during that battle in the hangar bay. Her cause of death was not of importance to him; all he needed to know was that she died.

Walter could not hold back tears, because he produced none. \_"Cry dammit, you're a human!"\_ He wanted to cry, but he felt nothing, as if his emotions no longer agreed with his thoughts. \_"You promised you will mourn for the dead. At least do it when you get back to the base."\_

UNSC pelicans closed in on the spirit dropship, but didn't bother to shoot: they were informed of its arrival.

Ten minutes later, Walter was in the medical room in the UNSC Field Headquarters in the Eastern African Protectorate. Walter was lying on his bed, with his helmet and the upper portion of his Semi-Powered Infiltration armor off.

"Hopefully negotiations between the ex-covenant forces and the UNSC will go as smoothly as mine." he told Josh.

"We all have a common goal, and those elites sure seemed willing to side with us. How easy was it for you to convince them?" He asked.

"We all have a common goal: defeat the covenant forces. I have to admit though, it was almost too easy. I smell a trap."

"Then why have them around?" Tamara asked.

"Use them the same way we would use poison. We don't have to like their company, but as long as they are a benefit to us all, then it's worth having them around. \_Besides, traitors betray themselves." \_Walter replied, thinking to himself the last part of his response.

A Spartan in green MJOLNIR armor walked into the Medical room. It was Spartan-IV-C045, Simmons. Simmons was the Company Captain of the C Company Spartans.

"Congratulations Son! For the success of your squad's mission, and the other beneficial outcome, you are hereby promoted to Corporal, Grade two. Phoenix squad is yours to command now."

\_"Giving me command will not lessen the blow the mission has dealt me. Besides, my teammates did most of the work while I got knocked out cold." \_Walter felt like saying those words. He wore his usual poker face as usual, trying to show no signs of emotion.

He replied: "Thank you sir."

"Now, I have some soldiers ready to tackle the covenant armada in your squad. You can find their names under your team roster in your HUD. Know them, love them, and make them effective in your team."

"Affirmative, I will not fail." Walter replied.

"That's what you wanted to hear, wasn't it? Can't ask for anything less can you?" \_the Spartan thought to himself.

"However," Simmons continued. "Your teammates Tamara and Michael are being transferred to another team." Walter gave no sign of surprises; he just stood still, waiting for the positive response.

"We want to try to make the best team combination possible, and I'm sure their skills will be put to better use elsewhere." Captain Simmons paused. With no response from Walter or any of the Spartans in the room, he continued.

"Now, your mission for now is to remain here at the base. You guys need rest, and besides, we could always use the extra hand." The Spartan Captain finished. "Attention!" Walter ordered. Phoenix Squad saluted, and then he left

When he left, Walter said "Alright guys, think you can meet me in about two hours, even if you are no longer part of my team; there are some things I want to go over, to increase our chances of survival against the covenant. We will have self-defense training and discuss battle tactics."

Michael replied "of course."

"In the mean time, relax and if possible, do some research on covenant anatomy."

"Elites included?" Josh asked.

"If you want to, then yes. Do you understand the purpose of this?" Walter asked.

"I don't think all of us understand." He replied.

"If we understand how their bodies work, and how different it is from ours, then we can learn how to effectively hurt them, even without weapons."

Josh said "I see. Well, I'll be leaving now. See you later; I want to see if I can find anybody else that survived."

Tamara, Michael and Josh gave Walter a salute. He returned the salute. They turned around, and left. "They deserve the rest. We all do" \_He thought.

Walter put on his helmet and accessed his team roster on his HUD. He sent them the orders to meet him in the gym.

"\_This squad will be nothing like a tyranny or a dictatorship guys. You all have individual minds to rely on. I don't want to hold your

hands if I don't need to." \_

Walter didn't believe in having a whole squad function with the leader as the brains and the rest of the team as arms for the brain. Squads full of individuals that can think for themselves and contribute to the team, instead of relying on the team to hold their hands are more capable of surviving and winning battles.

Maybe he can prevent deaths from his friends and teammates from happening again.

\_"Not like their deaths was my fault anyways."\_

End  
file.